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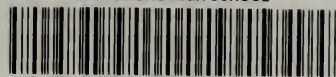
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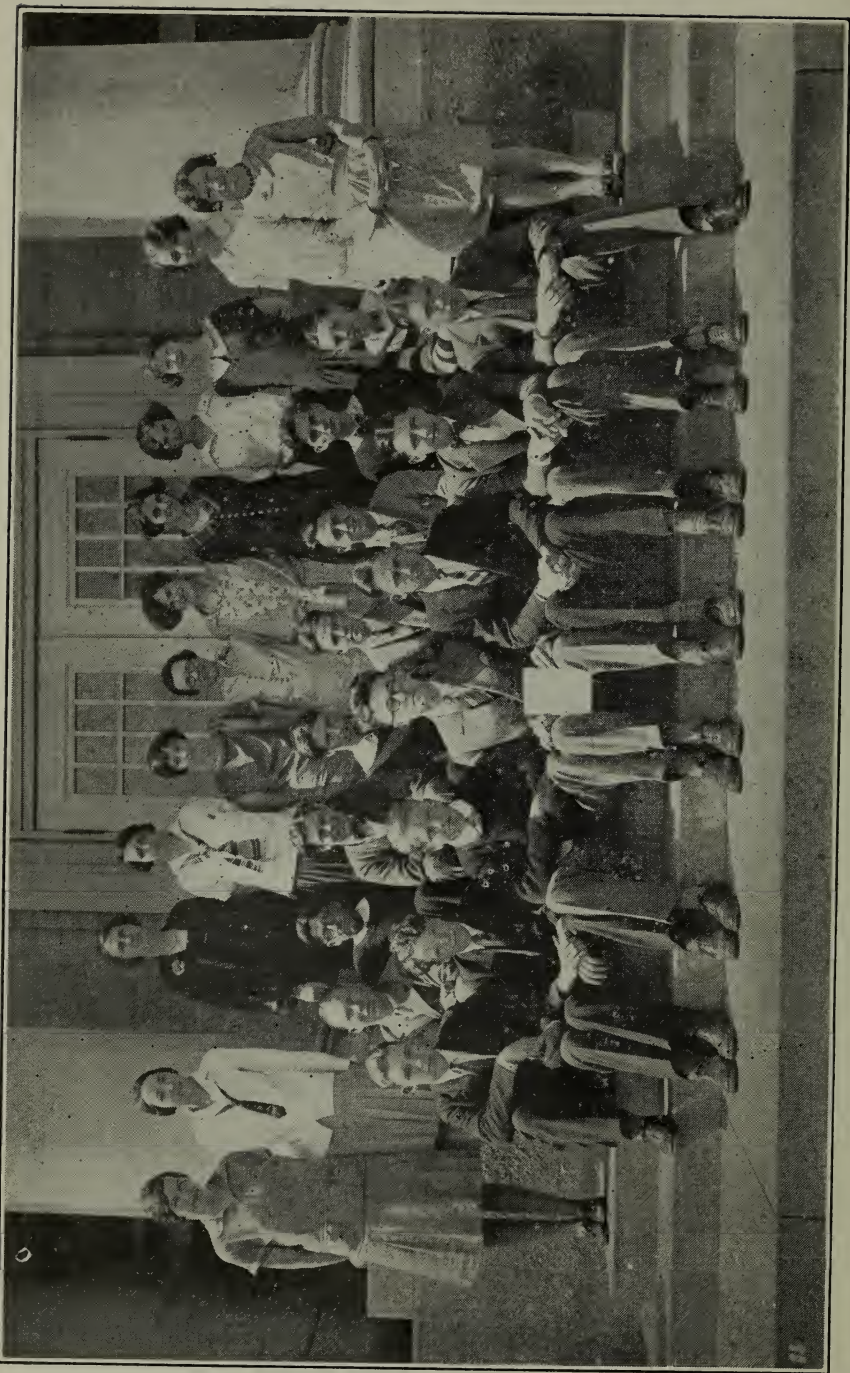
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Graduation Number

Nineteen Twenty - seven





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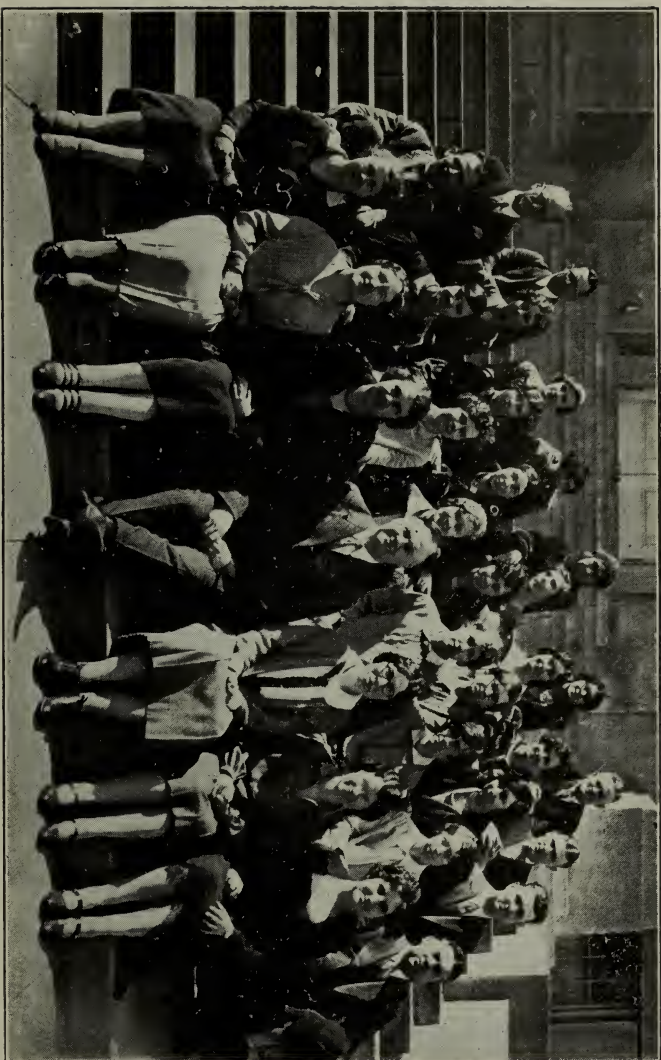
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FACULTY 1926—1927

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WHO'S WHO AMONG THE SENIORS

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CLASS PROPHECY

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Ethel Semple, Muriel Gay.

COMMITTEES

Reception—Uriel Bowen Chairman; Julianne Wulleumier, Gertrude Hyde, Francis Geddes, Richard Cole.

Class Night—Grace Hodges, Chairman; Ruth Lyons, Elaine Dwyer, Russell Brennan, Roger Richardson.

Class Gifts—Charles Rogers, Chairman; Katherine Flavin, Hope Bromley, Walter Hunken.

Class Motto—Natalie Blair, Chairman; Mary Dwyer, George Milot.



Captain Charles A. Lindbergh

Hail to the conqueror! Like knights of old he set out into the unknown, and like the old legendary heroes he has conquered—in this case the elements—thus blazing a trail of glory for himself and for his country.

There lies before me a letter which I received today from a friend. This paragraph, which I have taken is self-explanatory, and is a good example of the feeling that is throughout the country: "All of us join you in your jubilation over Captain Lindbergh's wonderful feat. It is not merely a triumph of the age of invention and

machinery. It is also a moral triumph. Many times on his route Captain Lindbergh was tempted to turn back, or to land in a safe place. Yes, sir, he has given a lesson to the whole world in holding fast to a purpose and persevering to the end."

This epoch-making flight, which has been one of the most important ones in the history of aviation, becomes the more remarkable when one considers the fact that it was accomplished by a young man only twenty-five years old. While mourning deeply the brave death of the gallant French flyers, Nungesser and Coli, we are inspired by the knowledge that we have here in our midst, in our own country, men who are courageous, brave and daring, and who are ever trying to place Old Glory where we are proud to see her.

And we are particularly proud to see our banner advanced by men of the type of Charles A. Lindbergh, who have those ideals and those manly traits which we most admire. May God give us more of them.

—Artine Artinian.

* * *

If handling a delicate subject is the work of a delicatessen, a critic certainly needs and would appreciate a complete course in that sweet art. Nevertheless, in a time of exigency, it behooves the present critic to handle without specific preparation the subject of suggesting an addition to the rules of the High School.

In almost every college there is a ruling which has proved advantageous to the life of the student body, but has never been attempted in High School. Perhaps the size of our school has made such a ruling unnecessary but in the course of progress and growth, only a few years can pass before conditions will be such that the system must be instituted.

The ruling to which the critic has so indirectly referred is a system by which a varying number of points is accredited to each student

for every activity in which he participates. When a certain number of points is accumulated by one pupil, he can enter no other activity.

This system is intended to give to a greater number of pupils the opportunity of entering into the different activities and to prevent a thoughtless student body from concentrating all the honors within its power on one or two of its most popular boys or girls. Although this may seem undemocratic to interfere with the choice of a majority, yet it has proved in numberless cases to be satisfactory to all concerned.

—A. Lawton, '27

* * *

Spring has come again to pay us her annual visit. For this grand occasion Mother Nature has been busily preparing all winter for her daughter a wonderful gown of grass green hue. The texture of this gown far surpasses any human textile product. This wonderful gown at the High School is bordered with white cement walks, put there for a purpose. The purpose is to walk on them. How forgetful we have been, how careless to thus disregard the handiwork of Mother Nature. How many times have we been told to keep off the grass and use the walks? How many times must we be told? Surely if our rival North Attleboro can have lovely lawns surrounding its school, *we* can.

—R. Heagney, '27

* * *

DEFACING DESKS

During a study period the other day, I took particular notice of the surface of the desk at which I was sitting. The reason for my noticing the desk was that I was trying to write on a single sheet of paper. Every time I tried to write a word my pencil caught, so I determined to find the cause for this trouble. I lifted the paper and some of you who know A. H. S. can imagine what I saw.

The direct cause of my difficulty was a specimen of carving (done with a pencil point) which was evidently a proposition in Geometry that someone was trying to memorize. It was triangular with the lines marked A, B, or C respectively. Having discovered this interesting item, I looked further.

Ah! Here was someone's spelling lesson. Two words were easily distinguished, "comprehensible," and "reflexives." Of course, that "reflexive" may have applied to some one's English lesson on pronouns. Most likely, that was the case for not far away was, "Shak," "Mer Ven," "Mids. Nights Dr."

In the other corner some one had indulged his artistic inclinations. There was a small house-shaped structure set on a pole, supposed, I imagine, to represent a bird house.

The rest of the desk was simply covered with initials followed by the year of graduation.

What a mistake to deface our High School so! What a terrible example to younger classes! The senior who can truthfully say, "I have never defaced a thing in High School," has a record of which he can rightfully be proud.

—Alice Lees, '27

DISTURBERS AND DISTURBANCES

Ever since Eve disturbed the peaceful tranquility of the Garden of Eden, womankind has placed upon itself the duty of being the world's official disturber. Helen of Troy eloped, started a war, and had a Greek press-agent write up a story that has since tortured every Greek student. Cleopatra vamped Antony and broke up a well-planned campaign. The girls annoyed Bluebeard so much that he conducted a wholesale slaughter to get rid of them.

Enough illustrations. We assume that by this time, everybody except the girls—and we aren't asking for their opinion—has agreed that women are the world's "great unprecedented illuminaries, when it comes to creating disturbances. Those of you who are not convinced are invited to sit in the balcony of the A. H. S. assembly hall some evening when an entertainment is being given. If you are not convinced then, you are either deaf or in love.

Compared to a few of the High School girls — we're not mentioning any names as it isn't necessary—these other female disturbers quoted from history are complete fade outs. The whole situation may be easily summed up by a simple proportion: The disturbance created by a mouse in the middle of a ladies' sewing circle is to the disturbance created by a girl, with wooden heels, getting out of her seat in the balcony and stamping down the side corridors, as a flea is to an elephant. There it is, girls. Figure it out for yourself. We can appreciate that new hat, coat or dress of yours without all this fuss.

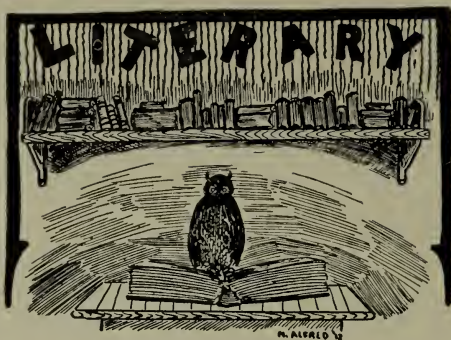
The boys need not snicker because the next article may be entitled "Wisecracks and Wisecrackers," and to whom would that apply? Let a word to the wise be sufficient. —E. Kenworthy, '27.

* * *

GUM!

Gum! It doesn't sound good, but perhaps it is. But worse than the sound——! Well, when you attend a dance, do you like to see boys and girls chewing gum at the same rate they would run in a foot race? Surely their poor jaws must be tired; yet the latter receive little rest. I admit these people are clever. They must be, because they really talk, although rather indistinctly. One would imagine one was chatting with someone just learning to speak English. And how many times have you had the delightful experience of stepping on a large, sticky, dirty wad of gum thrown carelessly on the floor? I wonder if confirmed chewers realize how much discomfort, disgust and dislike they cause when they masticate that adhesive article.

—N. Blair, '27.



This essay won the prize offered by the G. A. R. Dining Club, and the winner, Miss Sellars, accompanied by Miss Cox, a teacher in the English Department, spent a week in Washington, D. C.

INCIDENTS OF LOCAL EX-PRISONERS OF WAR

The reminiscences of 1861 to 1865 told by Mr. John H. Dorr, Mr. John C. Cummings and Mr. Welcome B. Aldrich revealed to me as never before the tragedy of War! These men are all that are living of a number of local ex-prisoners, who at one time made up the Attleboro Ex-Prisoners of War Association.

How the countenances of these patriots lighted up as they told me of their experiences in the Civil War! They told how they left loved ones and the comforts of home behind; how they suffered for the want of food and clothing and fought against filth and disease in the most trying conditions imaginable, that they might help to preserve for us the traditions and institutions upon which their country was founded!

Mr. Dorr enlisted with the Three Months Men of the Sixteenth New York regiment, but later re-enlisted with the Ninth Maryland. The regiment marched from Maryland Heights to Seminary Ridge at Gettysburg, where the Thirty-fourth Massachusetts combined forces with them. They went on to the Potomac river where their march was halted long enough for them to span the river with a pontoon. Crossing this temporary bridge, they fought their first winning battle at Harper's Ferry, which was followed by another victory at Halltown. The regiments then went on to Charlestown, Virginia, where they were unfortunately met by a company of Confederates, numbering three to their one, and were forced to surrender.

After three month's imprisonment in a tobacco warehouse at Richmond they were taken to Bell Island and confined for five months.

Prison conditions steadily grew worse, but the apex was reached in 1863 when five hundred men were removed to Andersonville Prison. Mr. Dorr was one of the first five hundred men to go to Andersonville, where he spent twenty-two months in circumstances one would believe impossible.

The prison was situated in a swamp between two wooded hills and enclosed by a stockade twenty feet high. At intervals along

the outside were steps with a canopied platform at the top in which a guard was stationed. A space about twelve feet wide, marked off by a small fence from the inside of the stockade, was called the dead line. Any man daring to venture into this dead line was immediately shot down.

Another instance of prison brutality is that of a New York squad stealing the rations of their fellow prisoners, and frequently killing any who refused to pass over his small pittance of corn meal. This became such an every-day occurrence that the boys finally made a complaint to the guards.

The Yanks were allowed to court martial the ringleaders, and being found guilty of murder they were sentenced to be hanged. The Confederates, glad of an opportunity to kill off some of the Union men, built the gallows and assisted where they could in the execution.

At this prison alone the inmates died at the rate of twenty-four a day in the last year of the war. In fact, they were dying so fast a shed in which to store the bodies had to be built until they could be buried. When the wagon finally came, they were piled in like a cord of wood and taken to the cemetery where they were buried in long trenches.

These appalling conditions can be more clearly visualized when one knows that during the war there were thirty thousand prisoners in Andersonville, of whom, seventeen thousand seven hundred and forty-two died from starvation and exposure.

From these dismal pictures let us now review the experiences of another participant in the prison life of Andersonville.

Mr. Cummings left Attleboro with Company H, Fortieth Massachusetts. In two years the company mounted, and after several indecisive battles by both parties, they went on the Gainesville, Florida, where he was wounded. His wound was cared for at a nearby tavern, and following a two days' rest the Confederates took him to Tallahassee.

In two weeks he was removed to Andersonville Prison in which he merely existed for ten long, weary months, without shelter or any of the bare necessities of life.

Captain Wortz divided the prisoners into squads of fifteen men each, placing Mr. Cummings as sergeant over one. The day's rations were meted out to the sergeants, who in turn gave the men their small pittance, which was a pint of raw corn meal.

The only water available came from a brook near the rebels' cook house outside of the stockade. The water was so contaminated by camp refuse that one drink of the filthy stuff made the men deathly sick.

Three months of this water had so enervated the prisoners that Mr. Cummings proposed the digging of a well. The only tools found to work with were an old rusty hatchet and a half of a canteen. It seemed utterly impossible to accomplish anything with these tools, but the prospect of getting clean water encouraged them to undertake the task. Taking turns the men worked zealously; one chopping the ground with the hatchet, while the other scooped out the loosened dirt with the canteen. The work was slow and tedious, but per-

severance won out. After digging ten feet, they struck a spring of clear water which was certainly a godsend to the prisoners.

Conditions at the prison became so filthy, however, that part of the inmates, including Mr. Cummings, were sent to Florence, South Carolina.

The guards at Florence were so new to their work, Mr. Cummings planned to "put one over" on them by taking a "French leave." After exchanging his blue jacket for a rebel's gray coat, he accosted a sentinel and sharply reprimanded him for failing to present arms before a superior officer. Subsequent maneuvers were so successful that Mr. Cummings and some other men walked past the guard, scaled the stockade and, like hunted deer, were off for the woods before they were missed. Nevertheless, their absence was shortly discovered, and blood hounds were soon hot on the trail.

They walked all day and, guided by the North Star, tramped all night. The following evening came on with a heavy fog but the men decided to trudge along through the inky blackness without their "heavenly compass." With great dismay they found they had tramped all night in vain, for they had walked in a complete circle and arrived at the very spot from which they had started the evening before. Somewhat discouraged the boys decided to walk on in daylight and risk the possibility of being caught.

The men did not go any distance before they discovered the woods terminated at the Icedee River; and to their consternation found the Confederates waiting there for them!

The rebels took the captives to an old freight house where, with the exception of Mr. Cummings, they strung them up by the thumbs for an hour. The men were then taken back to Florence where they were confined until the close of the war.

Mr. Aldrich saw gallant service with the Eighteenth Connecticut prior to his capture in 1863.

After three days of ferocious fighting at Winchester, Virginia, the Eighteenth Connecticut met an overwhelming defeat and was forced to surrender to General Walker.

The captives were taken to Richmond, from where they walked on to Stanton. The ration for the march was a pint of white flour which the men mixed with water and baked into cakes on limestones placed over a fire.

At Stanton the men were packed "like sardines in a can" into cattle cars bound for Richmond, and from there they were removed to Libby Prison.

After two weeks Mr. Aldrich was taken to Bell Island and although conditions were not enviable, he fared much better than the other two men at Andersonville.

At ten o'clock they were given a bowl of bean soup and a slice of meat, while at four in the afternoon they had another dish of soup. These meals, however, were not very palatable since they were nothing but some flavored liquids floating with maggots.

All the drinking water came from trenches three feet deep, which had filled up with the frequent rains and camp refuse. When the men could not stand their thirst any longer, they pushed back the

scum from the surface and, closing their eyes and taking a deep breath, they drank the polluted water in one gulp.

Some months were spent here, but Mr. Aldrich was later taken to Libby Prison for the rest of the war.

The privation and wretchedness of these men, and thousands of other veterans, can never fully be appreciated; but the memories of their self-sacrificing devotion to our beloved country in its darkest hours will live on forever to animate the youth of our land! American youth will always retain the memory of the valor and patriotism of the men of 1861 to 1865, which made them lay down their lives for "that government of the people, by the people and for the people, which shall not perish from the earth!"

* * *

MY RADIO AND I

Roger Richardson, '27

Along with several thousand other imbeciles throughout the grand and glorious United States I became a radio fan. Money rolled out of my pocket-book like stones before an avalanche. My temper was lost forever along with my desire for companionship.

After reading all the advertisements in several hired magazines, and gazing at the illustrations, I decided I knew all about a radio, and with great confidence I approached the local radio dealer and asked for equipment with which to build a set. Apparently the writer of the advertisements had forgotten several parts in his list which should have been included, for before me were instruments that I certainly had never seen. About all that I recognized were the dials and tubes.

With the aid of blueprints and diagrams I finally completed the set, much to the surprise of my parents and the radio dealer. From then on I never was the same. Regardless of static cat-calls, squawks and other disturbances I was at my radio hour after hour. The dials are worn from so much handling.

Regardless of results my radio is the best, if you do not believe it, why just ask me. For my radio, in comparison with others, may it always be the best; but "my" radio, best or worst.

* * *

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

Grace Hodges, '27

Gaze from your window, if you will, at eight a. m. Why, you say, where are all the young people thronging to? Then you realize that they are embarked on their great adventure seeking to gather the seeds of knowledge which are scattered for their benefit. Have you ever stopped to think what your son and your daughter does, once the four walls of the High School envelop them?

I myself join the hurrying crowd. Suddenly a loud bell hastens my complacence and I take a wild dash for the locker room. Now I hurry up two flights of stairs to my home room. The teacher is

taking the attendance. Everywhere signs of coming activity are seen. Delinquent scholars are busily trying to finish neglected homework. I greet my friends and then select the books which I shall need according to the arrangements of my recitations. All the while sweet strains from the Orchestra come to my ears. Again the bell rings and we, as proud Seniors, march with high heads into the balcony. Here we gather for Assembly to start the day aright. Mr. Dalrymple or Mr. Eastwood give the opening exercises. Now we sit entranced while the Orchestra plays or we are honored with a solo from some talented member. The notices for the day are given and we learn that one of the class socials is to be given in the Gymnasium this same evening. Immediately a buzz is heard and shy Freshmen get up their courage to ask the very nicest girl in school to accompany them.

With a sigh we leave the Assembly Hall and the Seniors proceed to their singing class where they struggle to obtain a certain degree of harmony as they practice their songs for graduation.

Now the real day begins. Leaving some friends and joining others, I go to my English class. Here I find early arrivals deeply engrossed in the tragedy of Macbeth—poor man. With a shock I realize that my own lesson is unprepared, so I go and do likewise. With assignment books open we hope for a short home lesson. This day we are given an intelligence test. One anxious Senior asks if it counts against you if you guess. Another tries to put the test off awhile by asking the usual foolish questions. However, the teacher has learned the tricks of the trade and so the test is given. How surprised we are to learn that we're not as intelligent as we thought we were. In the midst of our chagrin the bell rings and we gratefully make our exit.

We hurry through the halls and make our laborious ascent up the crowded stairway. As we look up, we see someone trip on high heels and fall up the rest of the stairs, while the persons' books and papers scatter obligingly under everyone's feet. Order restored, we enter a room on the second floor. This is the Latin class. Look at the book. Why! this is where the "Crazy words and crazy tunes" come from. The pupils sing their little song to the smooth rhythm of iambic pentameter. Now the whole class bursts into tears as the unhappy maiden of Vergil's creation, scorned by her lover, stabs herself as the ship bears her proud lover away from her. The end of the period draws near and the fair teacher nonchalantly assigns 45 lines of translation. With a resigned sigh, the chastened scholars file out and then begin to chatter indignantly. With a social in the evening, how are they ever going to do *all that*?

Suddenly someone jostles up against me. I had forgotten that this was College week and talks on different colleges were to be given in Assembly. My friend pushes me into the library and I procure an admission slip to a lecture for the last period. Now I hasten to my Civics class. After the final bell rings, all talking is supposed to automatically cease but somehow it never does. The teacher informs us that there is no College exhibit in the room but there is about to be a lecture. Here a mock town meeting is to take place.

The appointed sheriff has a difficult time keeping the Jones' and the Smith's in order. The elections are settled to take place on the eighth Tuesday in November. The meeting adjourns as the company are smitten with pangs of hunger and they follow the stream of fellow sufferers to the lunch room. Lost in the crowd I can do naught but follow. I reach a high table just before entering the lunch room. Here I purchase tickets and then give them up again in return for a sandwich or a hot dog.

Lunch finished and strength renewed, I enter a class in higher Mathematics. Here my poor bemuddled brain strives to grasp the solution of the maze of intricate figures which confronts me. The patient teacher explains the problems over and over, but still the meaning of it all eludes me. With a thankful heart I leave this room and seek refuge within the quiet walls of the library. Here I can turn to my favorite author for relaxation. Alas! I no more than get seated when a deep gong sounds and I find that I am in for a fire drill. Now the students pour from the various rooms and make their way, single file, down the most conveniently near stairway. Out into the yard they stream and gather for a moment's gossip and enjoyment, then with evident reluctance they return to their interrupted recitations. I return to the library and resume my story.

All too soon the last period arrives and I leave my story at an interesting climax to proceed to the Assembly, where the college lecture is to take place. The eager pupils flock to see the colored slides of the different colleges. As the lecturer talks, he inspires each person present with a desire to go to college. The ambitions of one soar to unknown heights heretofore. With a fine appeal the lecturer ends his discourse and school for the day is over.

I return to my home room where the notices of club meetings and the like are read. Yes, just as I thought. I must attend a meeting of the school paper staff. Once more thoughts of my dinner must be postponed. Material assigned and suggestions given for the improvement of the issue to be produced, we are at last free to wend our way homeward. The day ends with the class social at night. Tired but happy, I arrive at last at my home. Can anyone doubt that a High School student is not only the happiest but busiest person alive?

* * *

THE SONG OF THE LARK

H. J. Larson, '30

Just as the sun is sending his first golden rays over the earth, a lone maiden is wending her way down a pathway. She is dressed in a French costume and carrying a sickle. Her bare feet tread a well-worn trail through a green carpeted field, dotted here and there by tiny pink flowers. At a distance there is a small village over which the sun is casting mysterious shadows.

As the little reaper trudges down the path to work, a beautiful sound reaches her ear. She stops spellbound. As she stands there, the morning breezes caressing her cheeks, she listens to a music so rare and untamed that it thrills her to the depths of her heart. Those thrilling notes so wild and yet so sweet are the song of the lark.

THE TOURNAMENT

Eugene Rohman, '28

While the knights were at dinner, the herald of King Arthur came swiftly pedalling into the hall on his bicycle, fell off at the head of the table and read this message: "At three o'clock sharp, there will be held at the great Arena a tournament between the individual knights of the Square Table."

A loud murmur ran around the table and when dinner was finished, the knights went to their rooms to prepare for the tournament. At three o'clock the knights, clad in full armor, leaped upon their trusty motorcycles and raced to the Arena.

The tournament, held for the championship of the land, was run as follows: A knight stationed himself at one end of the field with his opponent opposite him. Each was clad in heavy tin, nickel-plated armor and had a dozen golf balls and a supply of clubs. The idea was to drive the balls at an opponent and hit him as many times as possible. The high scorer won. Thus by elimination the champion could be found.

By three-thirty o'clock all but Sir Launcelot and Sir Bedevere had been eliminated.

Sir Launcelot, the first to drive off, hit Sir Bedevere in the middle of the breastplate with terrific force. Bedevere, on the other hand, nearly knocked off Sir Launcelot's helmet. Fifteen minutes later neither knight had missed a shot and each had three balls left.

Then both knights drove at once, the balls hitting each other at the center of the field and flying off into the crowd.

Then Sir Bedevere had a bright idea. It so surprised him that he dropped his guard and a ball caught him square in the cranium. This jolt woke him up and, following out his idea, he drove a ball straight at Launcelot's helmet. This completely crushed Launcelot's helmet and so spoiled his aim that with his last ball he succeeded in knocking off the King's crown.

Then Sir Bedevere, with a well-placed shot, knocked Launcelot's feet out from under him and at the same time won the tournament.

When it was all over the servants had to get the Royal Can Opener to free the knights from their armor.

* * *

"JERRY"

Florence Shockroo, '29

'Twas late in December, and the usual holiday plans were taking their share of the younger people's time. Shopping and other festival preparations were on foot, but in Mapleville the chief attraction was the Christmas carnival to be held two days before Christmas. This was indeed the gala event of the year.

In the Dennison home a great deal of planning was going on because four of the Dennison "brood" (as the neighbors called the family of Doctor Dennison) were to enter various contests. The Dennisons

were a happy, family of ten: Gregory, just past nineteen; Anise, his pal and ally, just seventeen; Babs, and Bob originally named Barbara and Robert, were sixteen and fifteen respectively; Jerry the, only delicate child of the family, just twelve; Edna and Edward, usually called Tip and Tap, six years old; Terry, the two year old baby of the family; and last but no least, Mums and Dad, the grown-up companions of their children.

If you were peeking into the living room of the Dennison home this December evening, you would see the family gathered there for their usual evening chat. Mums with Baby Terry on her lap busily knitting; Dad with a twin on each knee gazing happily over his family; Gregory and Bob lying on the hearth rug with Jerry near them, and the older girls nestling on the couch.

"Well, childer," said Dad, mimicking the brogue of their Irish housekeeper, "who of ycu are entering the contests?"

"I am for one," said Gregory, "I guess I'll enter the long-distance skiing."

"I shall do the same, Dads," said Anise.

"And you two?" asked Dad, as he looked to his next oldest children.

"Bob and me," began Bab, but seeing her mother's disapproving glance, she said, "Yes, Mums, I know. Bab and I are going to enter the juvenile skiing race."

"And, Jerry, what about you?" asked Dad, as he gazed fondly at his delicate son who was in reality his favorite child.

With a sigh Jerry answered, "Oh, Daddy, I'm too small," and as the tears began to fall he sobbed, "I did so want to win, too."

"Come here, son," soothed his father, and the twins jumped down from his knee to make room for their brother.

"Listen, sonny," he said as he drew the lad on his knee, "and you other spalveens, too. We all know that every one can't be strong and healthy physically, but we all can be strong mentally. Though we all can't win battles of strength we can all win against cheating, stealing and other unpleasant vices. If I were sure you would always play square and true, I'd be much happier than to know that you had won all the skiing and skating prizes in the world. For there is no greater prize than a clean, pure heart. Never put unfair ideas in other people's heads and remember this, you can help others play square by playing square yourself. Do you understand what I mean?" And looking at the earnest young faces before him, he knew that they did.

"Come now," said Mums, "bed-time for you, Tip and Tap. Little Terry is already fast asleep."

Thus the family hour broke up.

The day of the carnival drew nearer and nearer and at last the day itself dawned. It was one of those deliciously cold days and the snow-covered world sparkled with the decorative touches of Jack Frost. The trees, bare of their green foliage, were cloaked in coats of white and the roof tops also boasted of an ermine coat. In all it was a perfect day for such an event.

The Dennisons were up with the dawn and dressed. The first race began at nine o'clock and promptly at that time the family, ex-

cepting Terry, were on the grounds. It was the Senior Ski Race in which Anise and Gregory had entered. Mums and Dad, with hope of success for their children, watched them start off and, to their joy, the two came in as the second couple and were awarded the second prize, a silver loving cup.

Several more races were held and then the Juvenile Skiing Race was announced. Bob and Babs had entered this and as they were excellent on skis, they received first prize. Mums was a proud mother when she received the two trophies. Dad seeing the sad look in Jerry's eyes comfortingly whispered, "Never mind, Jerry, you will win yet."

The noon-day meal was served in the club house and the Dennisons had planned to remain for this meal. The children had separated to eat with their own friends so the disappearance of Jerry was not noticed.

Jerry, although happy at his brothers' and sisters' success, was unhappy because he was too small, although not too young; to enter the contests. He wandered out to the grounds because he did not wish to hear the gay laughter of the more fortunate boys and girls. Deep in thought he did not notice where he was going till suddenly he heard a faint cry of help. With a start he turned around. The club house was quite a distance away—why, yes, he was more than half-way home. But that cry—where did it come from? Looking towards his own home he saw smoke emerging from the upper windows. A fire! His own home was on fire and the nearest aid was at the club house which was about a mile away. The cry of help, no doubt, was given by this person who was running toward him. It was Norah, Terry's nurse.

"Ah! Master Jerry, our house is a-fire," she cried, "It will all burn up!"

"Where's Terry, Norah, Baby Terry?" asked Jerry, anxious for his brother's safety.

"Ah! The saints save me, I left my blessed little baby back there!" and without a word to the astonished lad, she ran back to the house.

The boy, left without any instructions as what to do, started back to the club house, but the walk which he had taken had left him tired out and the faster he walked the further the club house seemed to be. Stumbling and falling half the time, at last he reached the grounds and with a final burst of strength he rushed up the hill into the club's dining-room. Gasping for breath he managed to sob out "House burning!" Terry be burned! Norah forget! Daddy, quick!" and then the little fellow collapsed.

In a few moments the men were on the way to the fire and Jerry was placed in one of the club beds. By Jerry's quick call for aid, the fire was quickly extinguished and the house was saved. Several days passed before Jerry was able to join his brothers and sisters in the family hour, but when he did come into the living-room one evening, he was treated as a hero by the children and praised by his elders, but the words he appreciated most were those of his father.

"Son," said Dad as he drew him again on his knee, "and you other children, too, Jerry has made us all proud of him and as I said he

would win some day, so he has. Your race for help, Jerry, was far more important than any race your brothers or sisters won. Your reward is dearer, too, for undoubtedly you saved your brother Terry's life and your own home. In fact you are the Dennison hero this time and let's hope that all of us will always be as brave as you."

* * *

EXTRACT FROM A BOY'S DIARY

William Snow, '29

Jun 23—Skule was out yestiday. Us fellers went swimmin' this mornin'. We hadn't swum long 'fore ol' Mr. Willes came down an' tole us to get out o' there. He was mad becus he has tole us before to stay out o'there. This aft we sor the professional basebal game. We clum over the fence. The score was 6 to 2 but I don't know who plaid or whitch side one. I am very glad vacasion is come. Mabe my diary won't be kept regelar this summer. I hope so howiver.

Jun 24—Us fellers tride to go swimmin' again but ol' Mr. Willes' dog was sittin' on the bank so we coudent. I am afraid we don't get much swimmin' this summer unles we walk clere to the river. It is very unfare. Us fellers plaid basebal ourselfs. I had to go to the store 2ice while we was playin'. I was mad. I pritty nere got licked tonite for swarin' when my father herd me.

Jun 27—I went an' mist 2 days. Us fellers plan'd to go swimmin' at the river but we didn't becus non of us coud. Ol' Mr. Willes' dog semes to live on the bank of the brook becus he is there all the time. There is another professional basebal game tomorrer. I hop' we can clim over the fence.

Jun 28—Today is Sunday. I oney went to chirch and red. I red Andy Gordon by Alger. I coudent see the basebal game today.

Jun 29—Fourth of july will be here pritty soon. Us fellers was talkin' about it today. I have saved \$.27 for the forth. Pete says he's got \$.76 but I don't beleve it becus he woudent show it to me.

* * *

"A SATIRE ON THE SHERIFF"

Richard Cole, '27

It was late, yes, very late; but what do you mean late? Late in the month; is the rent due? No, late at night or rather, early in the morning, for the old town clock had long ago flung out those twelve distinct clanks.

And now the town was silent. Not a soul seemed to be awake, or out walking in their sleep even. For in fact no one dared even to creep out into the night—the curfew and sheriff's orders must be obeyed.

The sheriff slept, but very uneasily, for his magnificent intelligence and super-sense had warned him of crime.

The little village snored. Its single church stood out ghostly into the black, starry night. The half dozen houses lined up along a

dusty road looked like dissipated anarchists ready to be blown over by the first March wind. Off in the distance a lone cow, too lazy to lie down, stood silhouetted against the full-faced moon.

Thus, the town, a picture of tense excitement, slept through the thick of battle.

But presently a gleam of light broke out of the neighboring woods and ran down the dusty road towards the village. Behind it, yes, ever so close on its heels was a high powered motor car trying its mightiest to overtake that fleet-footed light.

Please, reader, don't think I'm not sane, but so it really looked to the village police force.

The car skidded over the dusty road and came to a halt, five paces South East of the village inn and general store. Then a very unusual thing came to my attention. Not a soul in the village had awakened and now everything again was silent, save the sounds of melody coming from the noisy stars.

Picture yourself, reader, in a God-forsaken country, on a dark night early in the morning, not a soul around you, not a friend to awaken, not a place to hide—shut away from the world by dense forests, blacker than pitch, staring in on your secrets. Only the moon above looks merry, and that is just out of your reach.

Then suddenly a shot rent the dark stillness. A yell! A scream! A moan! And you look all over for the blood and can't find a drop. But lo! The shot is heard, something must have been hit.

Steaming and puffing, the sheriff awakens to find himself pounding the floor with his false teeth. Coming to his senses, he crawls back into bed and snores another tune.

* * *

THE THREE THIRTY THREE

Frank Fritscher, '29

The snow was thick and drifting rapidly as Engine 333 pulled into Hillville, a small railway center in Minnesota. Jerry Taylor climbed down from the cab and was confronted by the manager of the road who was in a nervous state of mind.

"Taylor," he said, "I'm worried about this storm which is showing no signs of abating and I have just received a message from Paxton, Utah, saying that supplies have run out. You know Paxton is that new settlement away out from nowhere and we will have to get through or there will be starvation among the women and children. I'm depending on old 333 to get through and expecting a lot from you. If you get through, it will mean promotion.

"I'll do my best, of course," said Jerry. "Is the schedule made up so I can have a clear run?"

"Yes, everything is all right," said the manager. "Good-bye and good luck," and then he went into his office.

"Well," said Jerry, turning to his fireman. "Did you hear that, Andy? No supplies in Paxton and all those poor women and children suffering. Andy we've got to get through, we've got to."

It was exactly 11:45 p. m. as the 333 pulled out of Hillville. Full speed was out of the question because of the blinding snow. As the lights of Valleydale came visible down the tracks, Jerry said, "Andy, we will be held up before long, I think. Why, the snow is eight inches on the level and a foot in places, but we can never give up. We must get through."

"Yes, begorra," said the Irishman. "Its myself that is thinking that we'll be stuck."

Altogether it was a run of 465 miles from Hillville to Paxton and could be accomplished in good weather in sixteen hours, but now it would probably take three times that because of hills covered with snow.

I don't know how old 333 will take the Bear Trail grade, Andy," we're only making twenty miles an hour now. Can't you put on more steam?" said Jerry.

"Oi, it's a foine time I'm having trying to make the bloody thing go, but I can't make it go faster."

There was little talk after that, as all attention was kept ahead as they neared the Bear Trail grade. The speed was now eighteen miles an hour, the snow being very high.

In the middle of the grade they stopped dead. They could not move another foot ahead so Jerry started the engine in reverse and went about a mile back, then started full force ahead, but at that they only gained a few rods.

"It's no use, m' lad," said Andy, "we're stuck."

"Oh, don't give up so easily," answered Jerry. "I've got an idea we're away from all stations so I'm going to tap a wire and send through for aid." So saying he climbed a pole and cut a wire, then by use of his tongue and fingers he patiently tried to put through a message. It was at least half an hour before he managed to pick up the station at Pineville, but when he did he gave the message several times before going back to the engine.

"What kind of foolishness do ye call that?" said Andy as Jerry came near.

"Oh, I sent a message through to Pineville."

They went to the cab and huddled together to keep warm and to wait for aid. After a long wait, help came and the huge fan snow plow of the relief train was shifted to 333 and the other train coupled on behind. Then with double power, they made the grade and the hardest part of the work was over. In a few hours they neared Paxton, but it was only a new settlement so tracks didn't go quite to the town. There were many men waiting for the train and the first thing they went for was the canned milk for the starving babies.

A week later a smiling young man emerged from the superintendent's office. He was promoted and was going to take up his new job as chief train dispatcher. He was also heartily praised for his novel idea of sending a message.

FATE

Leona Hebert, '28

It was on a raw windy night that the fortunes of little Jimmy experienced a slight change. Jimmy was a waif of the streets and his soul possession was a scrawny yellow dog that was as inseparable as Jimmy's own shadow. The boy's scanty clothing and the cur's scraggly fur offered them little protection against the chill wind sweeping down the avenue. The two wanderers stopped before a restaurant window and gazed longingly through the window. With a sigh Jimmy turned away and as he did, his eye fell upon a roadster standing by the sidewalk. He stepped over to it and looked in. There reclining idly in the back seat was a fur robe. The waif climbed in and fingered the robe thoughtfully. He meditated. "Here's a chance for me and Jiggs to get warm. We will only stay a few minutes." The two scrambled in and rolled up in the blanket.

Wearry from his wanderings, Jimmy soon fell asleep. He awoke to find the car in motion. He did not care to make his presence known until he saw that the machine was headed for a garage. He shouted at the driver. When the auto stopped, a young man jumped out and looked with astonishment at the other two occupants. Jimmy told his pitiful tale. As a result, Jimmy and Jiggs had the delightful experience of a good feed and a night's warm rest. In addition to all this, they gained a staunch friend.

* * *

ACHIEVEMENT OF TOM SMALL

Stanley Slosek, '30

Tom Small was the oldest scout in the troop, so he was looked upon to do many things. The last meeting before the summer week hike, the scoutmaster proposed to have someone pass his Eagle Scout tests before summer was over. Tom had twenty-one merit badges, but he needed one more so he made up his mind to pass this. The merit badge he needed was for life saving, but he could not break a death-like hold as he was afraid that he would hurt the patient.

The third evening of their hike at Terrell's mountain, Tom was on the Lake's wharf when suddenly he heard a shout out in mid lake. He stripped himself of his more cumbersome clothes and swam toward the drowning person. Struggling in the water he broke the death-like hold and swam to shore with the supposed victim. To his amazement he found this to be the scoutmaster, who had faked to find out what Tom could do in an emergency.

When the scouts pulled in three days later, Tom was hailed as their topnotcher. At the next meeting of the Court of Honor he was awarded his Eagle Scout badge.



OWLET SCRATCHES



THE LONE STAR

D. Lamond, '27

Far off in the distance there is a star
Beckoning, enticingly from afar;
Rising above the mountain's crest
Like a jewel from off her snowy breast.
Upward, still upward it slips from its place
Of nestling close to the earth's dark face;
Always in hiding when the sun holds sway,
Waiting, ever waiting for the close of day.
Then when soft night comes, nothing can daunt,
Now its silvery dress it gayly may flaunt
Until rosy Aurora approaches so frail
And the little star slips quietly into her trail.
Slowly my gaze follows the gleam
Onward I press as in a dream.
Just to clasp its bright radiance close to my heart
For only a moment before I depart
From the land of enchantment and wondrous delight
Which lurks under cover of June's magic night.

* * *

JUST A DOG

S. Sullivan, '27

I'm just a dog, so people say,
A little dog who's on his way
To seek his fortune in the fold,
And see what treasures it may hold.

It's not because I have no home,
It's just my wish that I must roam;
For a mistress have I kind and good
Who gives me of the best of food.

But still I'm not content to stay
To have her love me every day.
Tho' someday it may come to be
That I'll see all she's done for me.

So now if you should chance to meet
A little dog with tired feet
That's only me, running away
To seek my fortune in the fray.

SUNRISE

I. Middleton, '27

The bright shining sun,
His route just begun,
Comes and peeps through my window each morn.
His dazzling beams,
Are numberless it seems,
When the sun comes up at dawn.

Fis radiant rays,
Shoot over the bays,
And over the ocean so blue.
The fisherman's net,
From the fog is all wet,
When the sun comes up so new.

* * *

ALL THESE I LOVE

Muriel Gay, '27

Drooping flowers by the rippling water;
Singing birds among the trees;
Fairy snowflakes falling on the old red barn;
The golden glow of the sunset on the icy trees;
The howling wind around the corner;
And the roaring whistle of a nearing train;
All these I love.

* * *

LILAC-TIME

H. Tingley, '27

An erect, manly youth and his graceful lady are strolling slowly down the narrow, bending path. Soon he lifts his lady over a tiny babbling brook, whose ripple breaks the silence of the glowing sunset. Now they sit by the dreaming lilac bushes and murmur until silent moonbeams cast dim, purple shadows over the still landscape.

* * *

DAY DREAMS

H. Linkamper, '29

What wouldn't I give for a chance to ride
In the fresh morning air with my dog by my side,
Through the fields and the woods which are beautifully green
And which harbor the game that tries not to be seen?

The pine groves are fragrant with odor so rare,
The robins are singing with never a care.
The squirrels are romping and frisking about,
Oh boy! I'd have fun if I only were out.

If only the school-house would burn to the ground,
I'd saddle old Wizard and ride all around.
I'd ride to the village and also to—
But heck! I've got German and History to do.

* * *

THE RACE

Wm. Snow, '29

I sprang to the wheel, and Jimmy, and he;
I started, Dick started, we started all three;
"Good speed," cried the starter, as the pistol shot roared:
"Speed," echoed the stands as by them we soared.
Under our swift wheels, the surface slipped past,
With the thought in each mind, "I'll not be the last."

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Wheel by wheel, turn by turn, never changing our place.
I leaned in my seat, as I warmed to the fight,
Then stepped on the gas-plug, and set the spark right.
So onward we flew, like the wind in the night,
Nor raced less swiftly my Miller a mite.

'Twas even at starting, but when we drew near
The finish, the noise grew and a change became clear;
At the ninth, a great yellow car drew out ahead,
At the last, 'twas my race as sure as 'tis said;
And from the huge crowds we heard the great cry
"Come, Miller; win, Miller; come, win, or we'll die."

* * *

Is it true that the school year has ended,
And we are the out-going class?
Is it true that we are the seniors,
Has that day really come to pass?

Not long ago we were freshmen,
To us the school was new,
And many of us had never thought
What we in the future would do.

We know there is hard work before us,
If we are to win this game;
But we hope in the future we'll find
Our name in the list of fame.

—Forrest Haskell, '27

INTRODUCING



TWO RUSHING YOUNG SALES-
MEN ARE THESE, NED KEN-
WORTHY AND BURTON CLARK



PERHAPS SOMEDAY WE'LL ALL JUST THE STYLE OF HAIRCUT
HEAR OF CELESTINE WHALEN
AS A GREAT ARTIST



FOR VRIEL BOWEN, WORLD-
FAMOUS ORCHESTRA LEADER



IT WOULDN'T BE AT ALL
HARD GETTING USED TO CALL-
ING GEORGE MILOT, "DOC"



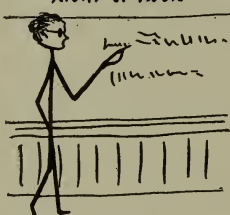
AND NATALIE IS GOING TO
THE NEW ENGLAND CONSERV-
ATORY OF MUSIC



OUR PROMISING ATHLETE
WE'RE GLAD YOU'RE GOING
TO KEEP IT UP, NOUVELLE



DON'T YOU THINK YOU HAD
BETTER KEEP UP YOUR PHOTO-
GRAPHY, HERBY?



MISS MIDDLETON, THE ENG-
LISH TEACHER. KIDS CAN'T
CALL HER "SQUIRM"



CAN YOU GUESS? WELL, IT'S
DR. ARTINIAN, THE WORLD-
FAMOUS SURGEON



AND THE CLASS HAS A SING-MONK ROGERS, THE MECHANIC. SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER
ER IN IT, TOO. YOU'RE GOING REMEMBER THE AHS SIGNS WHOSE WEBBER? NONE
TO KEEP ON, AREN'T YOU, CURT LEW, "SAY IT IN GOOD ENGLISH" OTHER THAN ETHEL SEMPLE



SENIOR CLASS NOTES

Grace Hodges, '27

What the A. H. S. Told the Maple Tree

"I have stood on this hill for twenty-five years and yet this is the first time I have shared my secrets with anyone," said the A. H. S. to the maple tree.

"This has been such an exciting year that I feel I must tell someone about it. You know, they had a week which they called College Week. Really, it was most interesting. The gymnasium was lined with tables resplendent with the banners and pamphlets of different colleges. In both the gymnasium and assembly hall, talks were given by people familiar with different colleges, in order to help the students select their future Alma Mater. Slides and moving pictures added greatly to the attraction of the lectures. The pupils forsook their ordinary recitations and flocked to the Hall. The results of this week left nothing to be desired.

A few weeks later the pupils were entertained by a Captain who talked to them about the Military Training Camps. Moving pictures were then shown and the life of the camps depicted.

Ah, me! I sigh a little here for you know this is the last quarter of the school year. The seniors whom I have sheltered for four, happy years are fast coming to the time when they must leave me. They are so busy now that they do not quite realize, as yet, how hard our parting is going to be.

On Tuesday, April 26, 1927, those entering the Attleboro High School received notices to the effect that "The Charm School, A Comedy," was to be presented by students of the High School. The cast consisted of

Austin Bevans.....	Uriel Bowen, '27
David MacKenzie.....	Ralph Briggs, '27
George Boyd.....	Herbert Johnson, '29
Jim Simpkins.....	Constant Cushing, '28
Tim Simpkins.....	Arthur Lawton, '27
Homer Johns.....	Louis Rogers, '27

Elise Benedotti.....	Irma Searle, '29
Miss Hays.....	Hope Parker, '27
Miss Curtis.....	Gladys Johnson, '27
Sally Boyd.....	Hope Bromley, '27
Muriel Doughty.....	Doris Smith, '28
Ethel Spelvin.....	Natalie Blair, '27
Alix Mercier.....	Evelyn Griffiths, '27
Lillian Stafford.....	Elizabeth Allen, '27
Madge Kent.....	Mabel Sprague, '27

Of fifteen in the cast, eleven were Seniors.

Irma Searle made a very smart heroine, and I'm sure "Lou" Rogers appreciated that kiss (although he did rub the *wrong* cheek immediately afterward.) George, vainly in love with Elise, did not have the least bit of self-control when David (who wanted to be a farmer but was a lawyer, and who will soon be a "horse doctor") read so well Elise's daily letter to Austin. Miss Curtis was very kind to bring Elise's letter to Austin every morning. She'd make a good telephone operator.

Poor Theodosia! And brave Eleanor! She didn't lose her school, thanks to her former husband, Mr. Johns.

We can't forget the twins. "We've found a melon and a grapefruit in the ice box. The melon's rotten and the grapefruit's green, but such as they are—!" They seemed rather partial toward Sally; and she thought Jim and Tim "both so wonderful!"

Although Sally didn't believe it, Muriel had learned so much at the Fairview School that she thought it her duty to stay—after Austin arrived. Poor Austin! Too bad he couldn't understand Alix' French. She sang very well.

We quite agree with Lillian and Madge that there is no fun in "knowing how to dance when there aren't any boys to dance with."

Last and least comes Ethel with her "crocodile tears." If I had been sitting in Alix' place I should have known that Ethel was laughing so hard that the tears were almost real.

Mrs. Coe, our coach, deserves much credit for the success of this play.

To go back to the subject of my Seniors. They had an important meeting the other day and chose their Class Night, Reception, Prophecy, Gifts and Will Committees. Also the Class Historians were selected. Their names will appear on another page so I will not mention them here.

Three fine Class Songs were submitted by Natalie Blair, Herbert Scanlon and Mary Sheehan. After several trials Natalie Blair's was chosen. The song contains the Class Motto which is exceptionally fine. It is, "We enter to learn, we leave to serve."

I have no doubt that their service will be of the quality which the world needs and respects. I, the old A. H. S. must say good-bye to them and wish them the full measure of a happy life."

Blithly they started their High School life,
Eagerly battled through the strife;
And when the end loomed very near,
I saw many shed a silent tear.
They'll never forget those happy days,
The old A. H. S. they'll ever praise.

* * *

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

John Hardt, '28

Here it is the last month of school. Next year we shall return for our Seniorhood. We have accomplished much during the current year and next year's accomplishments are due to be greater in every sense.

The Junior class is about the most well-known class in the school. Members of this class participate in every activity of the school. For instance, two-thirds of the baseball team is composed of Juniors. We have the New York Giants club of to-morrow. Worrall holds laurels this year as catcher. He hails from the class of '28. Johnny McCormack takes care of the keystone sack, while Salinger picks 'em up at short. We have "Feet" Lepper stationed at the "hot corner," and Morris Teacher patrols the left garden. Yes, we also have a couple of good pitchers. Mel Candelet, a new find to the pitching staff, will win many games before his career is ended in the A. H. S. John Salley also tames down opposing teams with his curves and fast ones. Ted Thomas chases the long ones out in right and he seldom misses his prey.

We have some actors, too, in the class of 1928. On this year's school play we found Constant Cushing and Doris Smith engaged in interesting roles and they certainly played their roles thoroughly.

Through error in the last issue of the "Blue Owl" we omitted the name of Miss Edith Harrington in the list of honor ushers. We also noticed that Miss Dorothy Roffee's name was mis-spelled. Many apologies for these errors.

Next year, Juniors, we hope to make our school magazine larger and more beautiful. However we cannot attempt this without your cooperation. Every one of next year's Seniors ought to subscribe to this paper as it is a sole remembrance of High School life. It will take you back to the good old times you had when you were members of the Attleboro High School.

June—Exit Juniors! September—Enter Seniors!

* * *

SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

Geraldine Sweet, '29

Can it be so? Yes, it must be for there it is right in front of me. "Sophomore Class of Attleboro High School sets New Record of Ability," and it is right from the Evening Chronicle, too. When I think of it, I realize that they have been and are at present very active. Here's what the paper has to say:

"Looking over the records of the Sophomore Class of A. H. S., we've found that they've done much more than we have ever given them credit of doing.

"They've come up to the front row in all athletics in which they have participated. Eddie Towle, as a member of the track team, has met with much success as has Kenneth Bell. In fact, they're all good. The baseball team is coming through first rate as well.

"Many put in their names for the Debating Society, and now they've got plenty of chance to let us know how good they are. Here's hoping for a second 'Daniel Webster.'

"The scholastic standing is exceptionally high, which only goes to prove further what a fine class it is!

"Sophomores, keep up your fine record! Don't let it drop one bit, but raise it! When you graduate from A. H. S., let it be said that you are the finest class ever to graduate from it."

Sophomores, isn't that a reputation well worth keeping up?

* * *

FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES

Geraldine Sweet, '29

Dear Marilyn:

Talk about Freshmen! I think there is no other crowd of them that are quite like these at Attleboro High School! It is said, "You can't keep a good man down," and this certainly applies to the "Freshies." They are into everything.

Their "social," which was held recently, was an immense success. If they make as much money on all socials, their treasury will break from the lack of room—maybe.

Ralph Cameron was voted class representative in athletics. They certainly have got "to step on it" if they expect to beat the Seniors in baseball. As yet, they haven't met with much success.

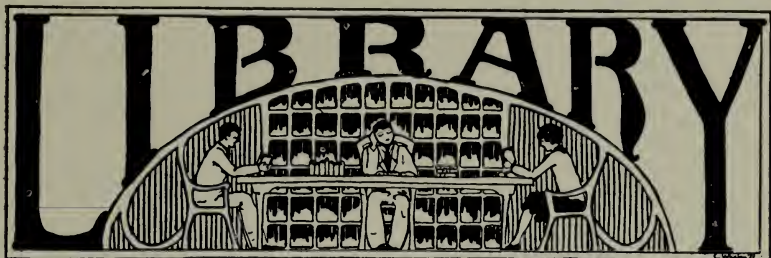
When Coach Grayson called for track men, some Freshies "jumped" at the chance. They can keep right on jumping and see if they can establish some new records. If there's a second "Nurmi," or some such personage among them, he'd better step to the front before he forgets he has such ability.

Marilyn, I'm confident that the Freshmen will be in line for even more activities next year. May they ever hold high the standards of the honor of their class. You'll hear more about these Freshmen but when you do they'll be "full fledged Sophomores."

Sincerely,

Barbara.

* * *



M. Dunham, '28

D. Bryant, '29

The Rollicking Reader

When you are blue or feeling sad
And there's nothing else to do,
Come to the Library; we'll make you glad
By choosing a book for you.

* * *

Everyone Has at Least One Pook in Him

So many times a person says—"Oh, I wish the story hadn't ended that way!" or "Why didn't this or that happen." What makes them say it? Their idea of writing. If some people would express their ideas, they would find before them a dozen or more books, among which there would be at least one good story.

The books may be but records of personal experiences. Even these can be of interest. The most quiet person, if interviewed, may be found to have almost a library of books written by himself. Also the happy-go-lucky people have some time or other written stories.

I think that every person has at least one book in him and unless his creative life lies higher than the value of letters, that book might as well be written.

Editors' Mailbox

(Apologies to the Boston Herald)

Dear Editor:

If, when doing solo work, I can derive more inspiration from my music, and thus give more to my audiences when my fiance shares the piano bench with me, would this situation be etiquette?

Doubtfully,
Nathalie.

Nathalie: I have a feeling that this would be HEAVEN, not etiquette, for you at least, my dear. For more information along this line, read Stevenson's "Virginibus Puerisque," part 3, or send a self-addressed stamped envelope for further particulars.

To the Editor:

I have just received two invitations for my Commencement Reception from two young ladies, one a blonde, the other a brunette. How can I tactfully refuse both of these and take a third party?

Frank McC—.

Frank: For all perplexing problems of good manners, the book, "Etiquette" by Post is the standard. I can also quote from the best advice obtainable on the subject, namely the book, "Literary Lapses" by Stephen Leacock: "Remember always that if a girl is to have your heart she must be worthy of you. When you look at your own bright innocent face in the mirror, resolve that you will give your hand to no girl who is no brighter than yourself. Also, if a girl desires to woo you, before allowing her to press her suit, ask her if she knows how to press yours." For more detailed information, see page 48 of "Literary Lapses."

The Richardson School Fund

In the old Kirk Yard is a granite monument—a plain shaft—with the following simple inscription:

Abiathar Richardson

Born Dec. 30, 1813; Died Feb. 13, 1843

*His legacy to the Common Schools is his best epitaph and
his most enduring monument.*

Abiathar Augustus Richardson, for whom the Richardson School was named, born and educated in Attleboro, was never of robust health and died unmarried at the early age of thirty. Possessed of considerable fortune and having no direct heirs, he left nearly all of his estate, including his farm, afterwards the Daggett Estate, which has now for a second time been given for public use as the Daggett-Crandall Old Ladies' Home, to the Second Congregational Parish in trust for the common free schools.

The Richardson School Fund was incorporated in 1850 by the General Court of the Commonwealth. It was among the first corporations to be formed in Massachusetts. Twelve trustees were elected by the Second Parish, which is now maintained for the sole purpose of electing four trustees each year for a term of three years.

The original fund, after the sale of the farm, was about \$11,000, which by wise investment now amounts to nearly \$45,000. Of the income of the fund, about \$1,000 is used for school needs which cannot be met by the regular school appropriations. Our grand piano was given to us by means of this fund; the twenty-four volumes of "The New International Encyclopaedia," in our library, also. Music, drawing, sewing, and manual training were first made possible by this fund. Last fall, a moving picture machine with non-inflammable films was presented, inaugurating in Attleboro one of the latest methods of teaching in schools.

Noteworthy among former Trustees were Major Everett S. Horton, Charles E. Bliss and Orville P. Richardson. The Trustees have always been men prominent in the community.

They are at present: Frank I. Babcock, Esq., the oldest in point of service, Dr. Charles S. Holden, Edgar A. Remington, Harry P. Kent, Frederick G. Mason, William L. King, Albert M. Dunham, Ernest D. Gilmore, Raymond M. Horton, C. Carroll Thacher, David L. Low and Harold K. Richardson.

Books Which the Class of 1927 Has Liked

American Idyll—by Cornelia Parker.

A true story of the ideal marriage of two adventure-loving souls.

The Crisis—by Mary Johnston.

The South before and during the Civil War is the background for this love story of a Northerner for a Virginia girl of beauty and spirit.

Ramsey Milkolland—by Booth Tarkington.

Almost as funny as "Penrod," and a good novel as well.

The Conquest of Canaan—by Booth Tarkington.

A youth reckoned a failure by his townsfolk finally proves his real worth and wins the girl he loves.

Roughing It—by Mark Twain.

Who else is such a companion on the wild trail as this man's man and fun-lover, Mark Twain?

Bobbie, General Manager—by Olive Prouty.

Bobbie, writing in her diary, reveals her fascinating life-story.

Literary Lapses—by Stephen Leacock.

Most Seniors vote this "the funniest book in the library," with "Nonsense Novels," by the same author, a close second.

Modern Verse—ed. by Anita Forbes.

For lovers of the beautiful. Many of the loveliest of modern poems collected in one volume.

Life at the United States Naval Academy—by Ralph Earle.

West Point—by Richardson.

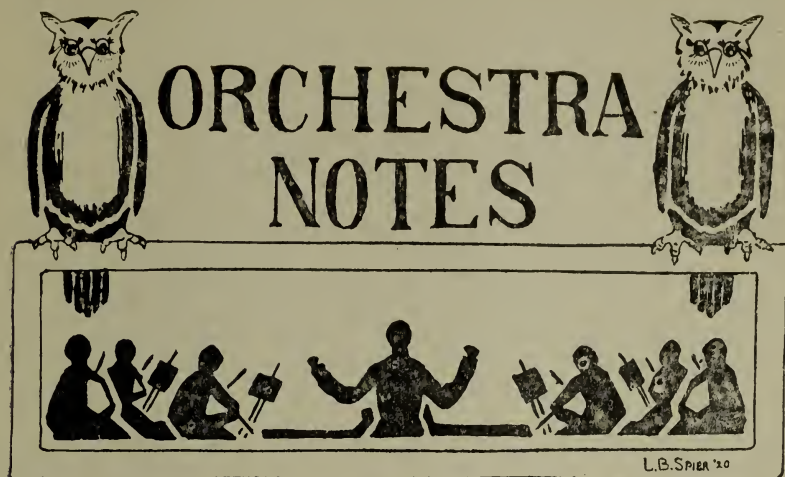
Two excellent ways of travelling by easy chair.





A. H. S. ORCHESTRA—1926-1927

Photo by Coane Studio



N. Blair, '27

The Orchestra has been, and will be, rather prominent till after June 23. Shortly after the concert given by the Orchestra and Glee Club at the High School, these two groups of musicians went to Lincoln School to "christen" the new piano there, and to entertain the parents of the children attending that school. On the way there some of the music was lost, so that the duet by Myron Holbrook and Frederick White had no accompaniment; and "Riley" Bowen and Ray Lyons were lucky that Francis O'Brien "knows his piano." Roy Eckland and Hans Linkamper also played a duet. Julianne Willeumier again played a solo, much to the delight of her audience; and "Herbie" Gibbs played, with Francis O'Brien as accompanist.

I imagine Mr. Gibb was quite thankful and surprised when he discovered, after the concert, that there really was a piano left in fairly good condition. If anyone wishes to know why, he merely need to ask Mr. Gibb.

The Orchestra played for the School Play, "The Charm School;" and the Teachers' Play, "Charley's Aunt." Marjorie Dunham, pianist of next year, played the piano. "Herbie" Gibbs played a solo.

Unhappily "Maj" lost her job, and couldn't play when Mr. Hall showed us what a dainty Aunt he makes. (Better luck next year!) This time Ray Lyons played a solo. Francis O'Brien accompanied both solos.

Now comes the exciting event. Graduation! Marjorie Dunham is again busy. Ray Lyons takes "Riley" Bowen's place. Evelyn Hoecke will probably take Julianne's place. Julianne is going to play a solo. Ralph (Briggs, of course), Muriel Gay, Harriet Lincoln, Beatrice Benson, Doris Guyot, Theodore Fleischer and Ruth Rhodes are the others who are leaving. Not so many, yet we hope we shall be missed.

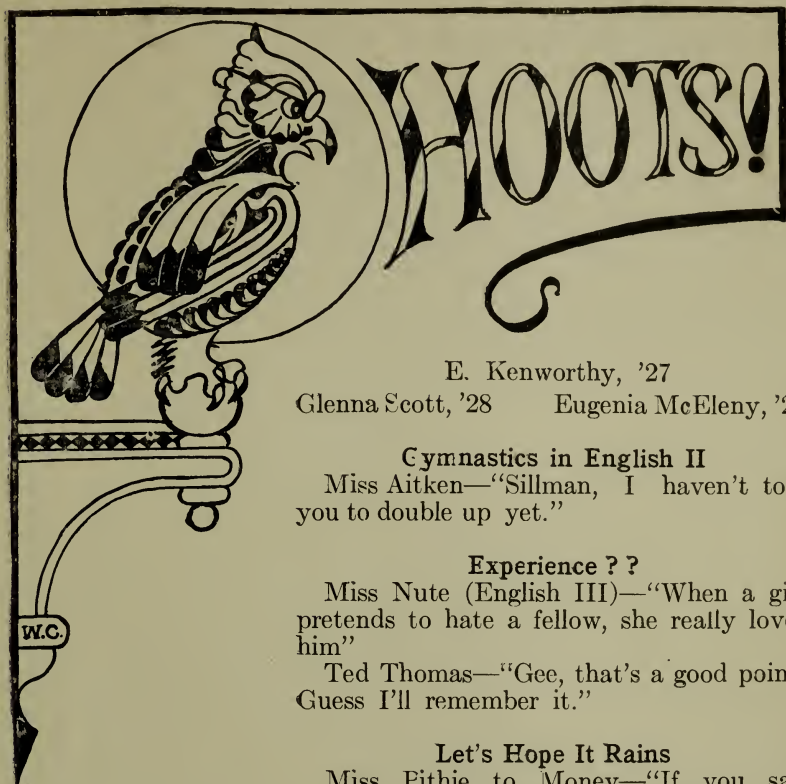
Mr. Gibb has chosen two good songs for the Seniors. Everyone who takes singing in A. H. S. knows "The Heavens Resound." The other song is "The Viking Song."

In closing, we of the Class of '27 wish the Orchestra the best of luck, and hope it will always grow bigger and better.

* * *

[*Editor's Note*—The editors of the "Blue Owl" think they have been most fortunate in having Natalie report on Orchestra Notes, and they wish the readers to know that for four years Natalie Blair has served faithfully as pianist in the High School Orchestra.]





E. Kenworthy, '27

Glenna Scott, '28 Eugenia McEleny, '29

Gymnastics in English II

Miss Aitken—"Sillman, I haven't told you to double up yet."

Experience ??

Miss Nute (English III)—"When a girl pretends to hate a fellow, she really loves him"

Ted Thomas—"Gee, that's a good point. Guess I'll remember it."

Let's Hope It Rains

Miss Fithie to Money—"If you say another word, I'll give you a session for two weeks."

Have You Subscribed?

Vogue—M. Luther.

Judge—U. Bowen.

Modern Friscilla—M. Dunham.

Red Book—Marion McKay.

Country Gentleman—A. Lawton.

Physical Culture—N. MacVicar.

Etude—J. Wuilleumier.

True Stories—V. Doucette.

Literary Digest—E. Moore.

Hygiene—Gene McEleny.

Life—F. Geddes.

Saturday Evening Post—H. Gibbs.

Cosmopolitan—G. Hodges.

American—A. Artinian.

Mr. Hall (in History)—“Do you remember a few years ago—well, about two centuries?

Latin III—“Roscuus was so beloved by the Romans that it seemed that he should not have died all together.”

The Latest Way

Mr. Hall (in Algebra)—“To find a square root, you must hop the fence and then come back and go through the gate.”

Miss Hosmer (in Geography)—Hoey, tell all you know about gold mining in South Africa.”

Hoey—“They hire a lot of Chinese and pay 'em cheap money.”

Latest Song Hits

“Ain't She Sweet”—M. Smith.

“My Cutie's Due at Two to Two”—G. Scott.

“Sweetheart”—Himmy Owren.

“It All Depends On You”—Exams.

“Det In, Det Out”—Clarkie.

“Schoolday Sweethearts”—Ed. and Mildred.

“I've Found a New Baby”—Ted Thomas.

“Birth of the Blues”—A. H. S.

“Taps”—Dobe.

“Happy Go Lucky”—G. McEleny.

“Falling In Love”—Any Freshman.

“I Don't Want Nobody But You”—M. Tyndall.

“Love Me Like I Love You”—H. Davis.

The Younger Generation

A hundred years ago today,
A wilderness was here;
A man with powder in his gun
Went out to hunt a dear.

But times have changed now,
Things are on a different plan,
A dear with powder on her nose,
Goes out to hunt a man.

Teacher (to Wright who is talking to a girl)—“Wright, are you learning anything?”

Chick—“Sure, I'm learning my onions.”

Waiting!

Mr. Hall—“Don't close your bells till the book rings.”

A New Figure

Mr. C. Hall (in Geometry)—“You have a square 9 inches by 4 inches.”

New Industry?

Miss Hosmer (Commercial Geography)—“What is the chief cattle industry in South Africa?”

C. Ganci—“Raising of Angora Cats.”

One to a Customer

Hoey (in Commercial Geography)—“May I have a slice of paper?”

Slogans

Such Popularity Must Be Deserved—John MacDonald.

There's a Reason—Hope Bromley.

When Better Cars Are Built, Buick Will Build Them—Norm Theobald

Save the Surface and You Save All—All of the Girls.

Djer Kiss—Most of the Girls.

Good to the Last Drop—Milk in the Lunchroom?

I'd Walk a Mile for a Camel—Doc Milot.

It Floats—“Fat” Gordon.

Keep That School Girl Complexion—Bob Mawney.

Winning and Holding Good—“Will”—Hope Parker.

99 per cent pure—Mabel Sprague.

The Skin I Love to Touch—Florence Rice.

Eventually, Why Not Now—Hudy and Barbs.

Ask the Man Who Owns One—Monk Rogers.

How Can It

Miss Hilliard—“What is the purpose of the Smithsonian Institute?”

Richardson—“It tries to depict the ‘wild life’ of America.”

Freshman—“I didn't bring my pen to class, what shall I use?”

Teacher—“Use your common sense.”

I Want My Blanket

Miss Hilliard—“And how has the Department of the Interior wronged the Indians?”

“Fat” Gordon—“They took their blankets away from them.”





DEBATING SOCIETY—1926-1927

Photo by O'Neil Studio

Front Row—Ernest Barlow.

Second Row—Francis Geddes, E. Dwyer, L. Blatchford, H. Anderson, R. Gifford.

Third Row—Miss Nichols, R. Lyons, Miss Daley, Miss Hilliard, A. Lawton, E. Hiller, I. Abbott.

DEBATING SOCIETY

The last meeting this year of the Debating Society was held Tuesday, June 7, in Room 206.

During the various meetings the following members have taken part in debate work: Marion Sheehan, Lillian Soper, Helga Anderson, Warren Kellogg, Marjorie Cook, Alan Bennion, Harold Gingras, Edward Towle, Lawrence Money and Esther Hiller.

Some of the topics discussed were:

Resolved: That the Volstead Act should remain in the Constitution of the United States.

Resolved: That Attleboro adopt the city manager form of government.

Esther Hiller gave a 12 minute affirmative speech for cancellation of pre-armistice debts and at the last meeting Marjorie Cook gave a 12 minute speech on the negative for cancellation.

Our big debate of individual rights came with Walpole High School at Walpole, June 3rd. The topic debated was:

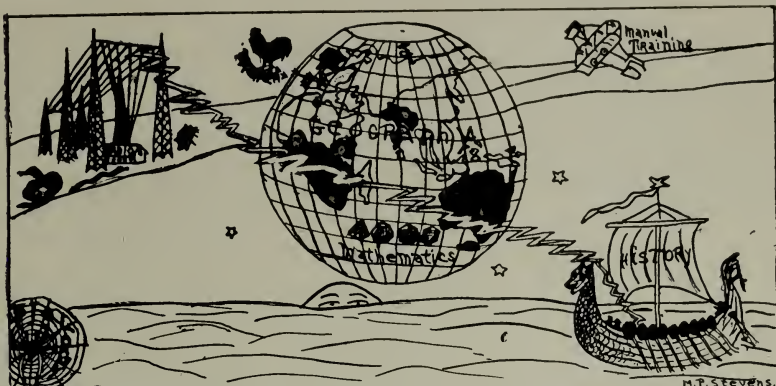
Resolved: That this house deplores the present tendency of modern government to invade individual rights.

Walpole defeated Attleboro by a vote of 2-1. The Attleboro team consisted of Blatchford, Barlow, Lawton and Miss Lyons. After the defeat a lunch was served to the debaters and coaches.

We expect to mete Walpole again for a debate early next fall.

We are going to try to enter a league next year with a regular schedule.

—Helga Anderson, Secretary-Treasurer.



GERMAN CLUB

A farewell meeting for the seniors of the German Club was held at the home of Miss Edith Claflin, May 14th. After a short business meeting, presided over by Miss Marjorie Spriggs, president. E. Johnson, '28, G. Spellmeyer, '28, V. Freinsehner, '28, B. Calandrella, '28, J. Killion, '28 and R. Cole, '27, were initiated and caused a great deal of merriment.

The feature of the evening was the presentation of five tableaux given by the Junior members, representing scenes from books which the seniors had read.

"Immensee"

Rheinhard—Valentine King
 Lithermadchen—Edith Harrington
 Kellner—Bernard Calandrella
 Freund—Henry Rotenberg
 Geigenspieler—David Sherman

"Haber Als die Kirche"

Hans—Hans Linkamper
 Maili—Tyndal Randall
 Kaiser Max—Constant Cushing
 Geheimschreiber—William Snow

"Gluch der Schauheit"

Amos—John Killion
 Marthe—Mildred McConnell
 Soldaten—Edward Johnson, John McCormack

"Herman und Dorothea"

Hermann—Eugene Rohman
 Dorothea—Leona Hebert
 Vater—George Spellmeyer
 Mutter—Alice Potter
 Pfarrer—Crawford Libby

"Wilhelm Tell"

Gessler—Henry Rotenberg
 Wilhelm Tell—Hans Linkamper
 Rudenz—Victor Friensehner
 Bertha—Dorothy Roffee

Soldaten—John Hardt
Pferd—John Killion

German prophecies were presented to the seniors by two witches, Hazel Gard and Leona Hebert.

Ronald Salinger had charge of the initiation committee.

The refreshment committee consisted of Raymond Wright, John McCormack and Crawford Libby.

The game committee: Beatrice Fuller, Alice Potter, John Killion and John Hardt.
—Dorothy Roffee, Secretary.

* * *

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

Le Cercle Francais has held an important meeting every quarter, under the leadership of the following officers; President, Frederick McCracken; Vice-president, Albert Hiorns; Secretary, Etta Moore, and Treasurer, Raymond Ware.

The chief purpose of the club is to further the knowledge of French life, French literature, and the French language, and at every meeting this object is carried out in some phase or another. All the business of the club is conducted in French and the members are urged to speak it as much as possible, since actually hearing and speaking a language is beneficial to the student in his study of it. At various times plays and dialogues have been presented and questionnaires given, thus furthering the knowledge of French life and literature.

The business and entertainment of the club is left mostly to the members and at each meeting a committee is appointed by the president to plan some method of entertainment for the following meeting. In this way the members are able to take a more prominent part in the club activities and each one has a chance to serve.

—Etta Moore, Secretary.

* * *

HI-Y

The Hi-Y Club closes the year 1926-1927 as the finest and most successful year. The work of the entire year was possible only with the cooperation and helpful aid of Mr. Coburn.

The final meeting was a supper held in the Y. M. C. A., May, the twenty-sixth. The annual reports were given by the secretary and treasurer at this meeting. Shingles were given to all the senior members, as a recognition of membership in the Hi-Y. A Hi-Y president's pin was presented to John MacDonald by Mr. Coburn for his able leadership during the past year.

A delegate was sent to the Springfield College Institute from the Attleboro Hi-Y. Cities were represented by the Hi-Y presidents from all over New England.

The following are officers for the year 1927-1928: J. Killion, president; C. Thomas, vice-president; J. Hardt, secretary and H. Gibbs, treasurer. The members of the club are looking forward to as successful and interesting year as this year has been.

—J. Killion, Secretary.

STRUMMERS CLUB

The Strummers are now going in full swing!

We have been practicing with the hope of soon appearing in assembly but, of course, we are still rather timid. Novelle MacVicar and Hope Farker have been appointed a committee to arrange a programme for the school.

Plans are being made for the club to go for a hike. The date as yet has not been set but it was decided at the last meeting that we should go to West Street.

Our financial condition speaks for itself! We have obtained a variety of new pieces and many hectographed copies and still have a substantial balance in our treasury. Most of the members of the club have now obtained their pins and are very much satisfied with them. Have you seen one? They are small, diamond-shaped, silver pins, enameled with blue in the center, with the silver figure of a harp in the middle.

The club wishes to sincerely thank Miss Adams for her interest and great help.

We hope that next year our club will continue to grow and will become one of the outstanding interests in the school.

—Evelyn Y. Griffiths, Secretary.

* * *

EX LIBRIS, GROUP II

The Ex Libris prize contest was brought to a close soon after the Easter vacation. Miss Dorothy Collins of Group II was the winner, memorizing about 750 lines.

Plans are being made for an outdoor meeting which is to be held as soon as the weather permits.

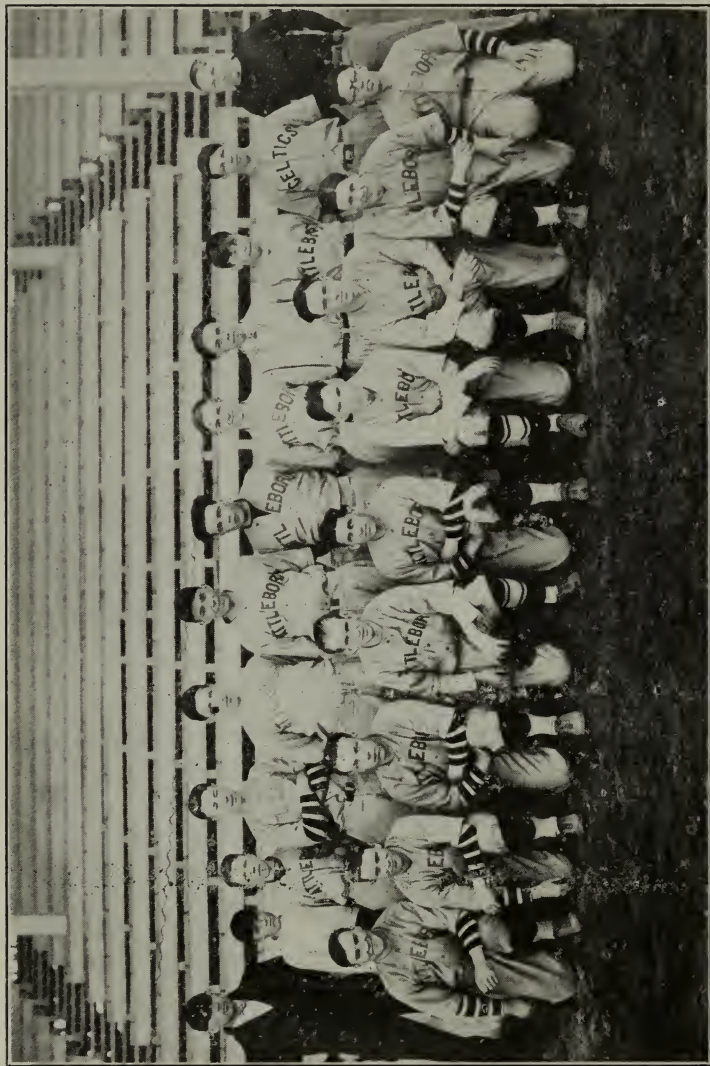
A final get-together of all groups of Ex Libris will be held some time in June. A committee has been elected to select a play which is to be given by Group II at the final meeting. The committee consists of the following members: Raymond Wright, chairman; Marian McKay, Marian Nerney, Morris Teacher and Eugenia McEleny. All efforts are being made to help make this final meeting of the year 1926-1927 a success in every way.—Lillian Soper, Secretary

* * *

EX LIBRIS, GROUP IV

The third meeting of Group IV of Ex Libris was held at the home of Mrs. E. I. Perry on Second Street. After a short business meeting, Mrs. Perry gave an interesting talk on "Books." She read several selections from Cooper's books and from the works of other famous authors. She also allowed the club to examine her very beautiful books. Refreshments were served and after an interesting discussion, the club adjourned.

—S. Callahan, Secretary.



ATTLEBORO HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL TEAM—1926-1927
 Photo by O'Neil Studio
 Front Row—J. McCormack, F. McCormack, Thomas, Lepper, Capt. Hudson, Candele, Fisher, Worrall, Teacher
 Second Row—Coach Grayson, Duffy, Cameron, Salinger, Galligan, Marsland, Sallee, Barlow, Swanson, Fraser, Wilkes, N. gr. Kenworthy



John MacDonald, '27

Raymond Wright, '28

The Hi-Y Student Award

Early in the year, when the Attleboro Hi-Y Club planned its year's program, the members felt that some recognition should be given to the best all-around high school student. A committee from the High School Faculty and a similar committee from the Hi-Y Club met several times and arranged a point system which they felt would cover all phases in the choosing of an all-around student.

The committee divided the point system into three main headings, with several sub-headings under each. The main headings are Character, Scholarship and Athletics. The committee feels that the purpose of the award should be to encourage a student to develop his student life four square, rather than along one phase of school work. A committee was appointed which will name the winner, and a plaque will be presented to him as a part of the graduation exercises this year.

This is the first time that any such award has been given in Attleboro, so its outcome will be watched with interest.

BASEBALL—1927

Alumni are Beaten

Mainly by getting four runs in the third inning the team defeated the Alumni decisively 7 to 4. The Alumni looked like a group of grammar school boys at a practice against the hard hitting and clever fielding of our team. Things look like a banner season; we'll see!

Close, But Not a Win

Leading Taunton by one run nearly the whole game, the team lost by the score of 4-3. We outhit Taunton but made more errors. Our errors were bunched together allowing our rivals to score the winning runs. With half a break coming our way we should be sitting nicely in the league right now.

A Close Score, But a Win

New Bedford High School was defeated by a 2-1 score on Hayward Field in the third game of the season. Hudson allowed but few hits, and tied the score in the seventh when he singled to center field, scoring Sallinger. "Johnny" McCormack on first base fielded his position in fine style, as well as connecting for three hits, one of which scored the winning run. Candelet, Salinger and Lepper took care

of all that came their way, while Teacher, in left field, took in three drives that were labelled for hits.

Tiffany, New Bedford second sacker, whom we have occasion to remember since we played his team in basketball, reached third in the ninth inning but was caught off third by a peg from Worrall, and so New Bedford's chances to win vanished.

Durfee Proves Deadly

Traveling to Fall River, our baseball team was given a severe trouncing by the Durfee High. Our boys made several errors which combined with the opponent's heavy hitting made possible a 12-0 win for Durfee.

Mansfield Wins in the First Inning

Scoring six runs in the first inning, Mansfield defeated the Blue and White by a 10-6 score. The school team put up such a poor exhibition of baseball that Mansfield had no trouble in holding her lead. "Feet" Lepper covered third in fine style, and hit safely three times. "Johnny" McCormack played his usual game on first base.

Fairhaven 9—Attleboro 5

In a slow uninteresting game, Fairhaven High School defeated Attleboro on May 11th. The Blue and White nine seemed to lack some of its accustomed punch and headwork, and a 9-5 score resulted.

Barlow and Teacher carried off hitting honors for Attleboro, while Frank and Johnnie McCormack played well in the field. "Felix" Salinger, in his first try at shortstop, showed up exceptionally well, handling ground balls in a clever way that was most promising.

Providence College Freshies Successful

Being well represented by many Alumni at our school the Providence College Freshman team beat us 6-4. We were threatening all the time and a rally in the ninth nearly gave us victory. We more than doubled the Freshies' hits, getting thirteen to their six, though we could not make them count in the run column.

New Bedford Loses Out in the Tenth

Playing fine baseball, Attleboro High won a ten-inning game at New Bedford by a 3-2 score. Dale Worrall secured two hits, ran the bases well, and scored all three of our runs. His playing was a big factor in our win. Lepper also hit well. The outfield took every chance cleanly, and Salinger, Frank and "Johnnie" McCormack, and "Feet" Lepper took care of the infield work in fine style. "Art" Hudson pulled out of many holes; he fanned 11 and walked but two. In the ninth, with the winning run on second, he fanned two men, retiring the side.

Durfee High 6—Attleboro High 3

In a game marred by twelve glaring errors, Durfee High, leaders in the Bristol County League race, defeated the school nine by a 6-3 score. Each team was responsible for six errors, but Attleboro slipped up when errors meant runs, four Durfee tallies being the results of errors, wild throws playing an important part in these scores.

North is Swamped, 13-2

On Saturday, May 28th, Attleboro High found little trouble in defeating her old rival on Columbia Field. The Blue and White nine hit its stride in the first inning, and at no time during the game could North be called dangerous.

Attleboro outplayed North in all stages of the game. Not only was North outhit and outplayed, but was responsible for eleven errors, many of which allowed runs to cross the plate. North's pitchers met a hitting barrage that forced three of them, Gaudette, Larson and McCabe, to withdraw. Gaudette finally returned to the box and had better luck with the Attleboro batters.

Captain Hudson went all the way for the school team, and had little trouble in holding the North team down to six scattered hits. He fanned eight and walked but three. "Mel" Candelet, "Johnnie" McCormack, Dale Worrall, "Ted" Thomas and Morris Teacher each hit safely on at least two trips to the plate. "Frankie" McCormack and "Feet" Lepper covered their positions in veteran style, while Barlow, in center field, took all chances that came his way.

The Attleboro nine looked like a different team on the field, and at bat chalked up sixteen hits. The small showing of Attleboro fans were well pleased with the results. The team's showing should gain more support for it, and a larger turnout should result at the return game on Hayward Field.

The Attleboro lineup:

Hudson, p.
Worrall, c.
J. McCormack, 1b.
F. McCormack, 2b.
Lepper, s.
Candelet, 3b.
Teacher, lf.
Barlow, m.
Thomas, rf.

The score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Attleboro	4	2	3	2	0	2	0	0	0—13
North Attleboro	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0—2

Umpires: Holloran and Kehoe

Attleboro was weak in both hitting and fielding, the McCormack brothers looking the best, though Candelet and Barlow, in the out-field took chances in a clever manner.

Attleboro 8—Vocational 3

With hard hitting, assisted by errors on the part of New Bedford, Attleboro had little trouble in taking the measure of New Bedford Vocational High School by an 8-3 score, on May 23rd. "Mel" Candelet pitched a fine game and fielded his position to perfection. Salinger and "Johnnie" McCormack contributed two hits each and fielded their positions like veterans.

Attleboro High School at this time stands fourth in the Bristol County Interscholastic League, with the following games yet to be played:

Taunton (at home)
Fairhaven (away)
New Bedford Vocational (at home)
Open
Dartmouth (at home)
North Attleboro (at home)
Dartmouth (away)

* * *

TRACK

Boston College Meet

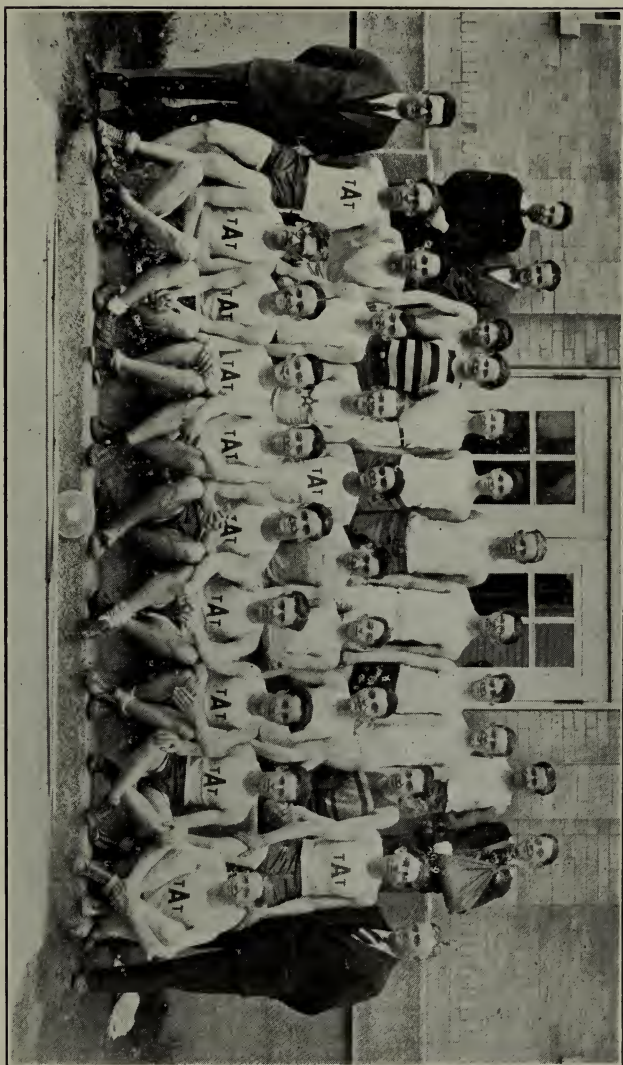
Several track men made the trip to the Boston College Interscholastic Meet in private cars. Being the first meet of the season the team did not show many results. Many men nearly scored but were not seasoned enough to come across. The important thing gained was experience and Coach Cooney noticed many faults which must be corrected before the Rhode Island State Meet at Kingston.

Rhode Island State Meet

On May 14th, the Saturday following the B. C. Meet, the track team proved the value of what they had learned at the B. C. Meet. Being tied for second place in Class B nearly the entire Meet the team finally emerged a good fourth with a total of 21 points. Because of lack of transportation facilities there were only eight of the team present, which weakened our chances in the weight and quarter mile events. Of the eight men, six scored and seven medals were taken. Those scoring were "Monk" Rogers, first in high jump, second in javelin throw, fourth in the discus; Captain Davignon, second in discus, third in broad jump; "Chick" Wright, fourth in 220 yard dash; "Ed" Towle, third in half mile; "Julie" Frost, third in javelin; Dunham, third in discus. We spotted over ten points in the hurdles and pole vault, not having facilities for this event at our school.

Alumni Meet

We defeated the Alumni 62-19 at Hayward Field in a practice meet. It is very difficult to secure a convenient date for the various Alumni to compete, therefore the Alumni might have been better represented although those present made a very creditable showing against disheartening odds.



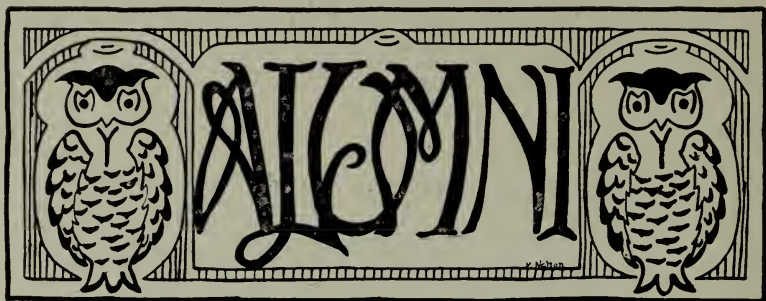
ATTLEBORO HIGH SCHOOL TRACK TEAM—1926-1927

Photo by O'Neill Studio

Front Row—Bell, Cosgrove, Towle, Davis, Capt. Davignon, Wright, White, Whittemore, Williams

Middle Row—Mr. Drake, Dunham, Roy, Rotenberg, Lindstrom, Tingley, Ostigry, Rohman, Bregnard, Elabree, Tingley, Ceach Cooney

Third Row—Manager Frost, Milot, Martin, Carney, Gingras, Reid, Lindstrom, Ecklund, Mahoney, Yosi, George Chase



Arthur Lawton, '29

Despite the great number of able athletes among the alumni, many of whom are continually winning fame for themselves and their high school at college, our alumni track team was easily defeated by the high school team with the wide score of 62-19. The small group of alumni who represented their side of the meet included some of the old high school stars, such as "Bob" Geddes, Driscoll, Kiff and Hunt. Geddes scored most of the points for the alumni. Driscoll, who is a member of the freshman track team at Brown University, showed well although losing in two different events by a very close margin to the young high school "flash," Ed. Towle,

In college, the names of the same alumni continue to appear in the athletic news. "Tess" Newman has secured a place on the freshman baseball team at Springfield College. He is the regular second baseman for the team. Both "Duke" Morowski and "Pewee" Kneeland are playing more or less baseball for their class at M. A. C. "Billy" MacDonald has his favorite position as short stop on the Brown freshman team. "Ty" Paille, who attends Dean Academy, is second string catcher for the team.

Two former baseball players came to Attleboro a few weeks ago and helped to defeat their high school. They were "Walt" Carey and "Cy" Brennan, who came with the Providence College freshman team. Both were in the regular lineup and looked much at home in their respective positions of right field and catch.

In other activities as well as athletics our alumni are shining. Herbert Coe is taking part in dramatics at Cornell University, although he is only a freshman. He also plays in one of the orchestras.

Charles Monnier has earned high honors in scholarship at Worcester Polytech.

"Charles" White, '26, came back to the high school for a few weeks of "brush-up" work and has now entered the Marine Corps.

One alumnus has recently been added to our faculty, making the grand total of two. The addition is Earl C. Perrin, class of 1924, who has come to assist the other alumnus-faculty member, George Spatcher. Both are engaged in the manual training department.

Miss Ariel Perry, A. H. S. '24, who last year won a scholarship at Smith College, has been studying in France the past year. The following are excerpts from letters received from her.

SMITH IN FRANCE

The life of the Smith College group studying in France is unique. The group sailed from New York on August 20th and after a few days in Paris took up their studies on the first of September at the university in Grenoble. Here two months were spent in preparatory work. Work in a French university implies a great deal more than it does in any American college. There were classes in phonetics, composition and translation. There were oral and written assignments which required long hours of labored preparation. These were fairly safe whereas in the phonetic classes we were in constant dread, for our slightest fault was pounced upon by a keen-eared professor to our great discomfort. If we were so fortunate as not to mispronounce a word our intonations were sure to be wrong.

We lived in French families and constantly faced the alternate of being dumb or unintelligible. But we gradually learned and took a definite part in the life of the family with whom we stayed. Dances, teas and excursions were arranged for us. As Grenoble is in the southern part of France, surrounded by the French Alps and divided from the old Italian city by the beautiful Isere river, the excursions were many and delightful. One could never hope to exhaust the natural beauties of the surrounding country. We spent two months there. It is also a country of great historical interest, the land of Petrarch and Laura; the land of perfume, flowers and song.

On the first of November, after the terrifying examinations, not only written, but both oral and aural, we went to Paris to take up our winter's work at the Sorbonne. Here the work began in earnest but having learned to take French dictation fairly rapidly, even though delivered through a pointed French beard, we set out to not only prepare one theme a week in every subject, but to thoroughly enjoy ourselves. It has been a wonderful year. This time I was domiciled in a beautiful home on the Boulevard Saint Germaine, almost across from the Sorbonne. Mme. Pinat, our hostess, had many friends who were able to offer us anything from a box at the magnificent opera, to dances in private ball rooms and last, but not least, opportunity to see exquisitely bound books and valuable collections of jewels and paintings. The rigors of a French winter were met by a fairly well heated house, with a little stove in my own room, and the numerous dinners to which we were invited. Paris abounds in beautiful museums and cathedrals and these we visited on week ends.

Mid-year examinations came and went and soon after we were looking forward to our Spring vacation. This I spent in Italy, visiting Rome, Florence, Venice, and Milan. Now we are preparing to take our finais which must not only meet the French requirements, but the Smith standard as well. Our plans call for a week in England and then home to the good old U. S. A.

It has been a wonderful year, and best of all we have had an opportunity to get acquainted with the people of another nation and having come to know them, to love them.



R. Richardson, '27

N. Crook, '28

The Exchange Department has just concluded a most successful year. We have received many valuable comments on our magazine. During the past year we have commented on every magazine that we have received. We wish to thank these schools for their criticisms of our publication. We hope to hear from these exchanges next year and we wish you a very pleasant vacation and the best success with your next year's magazine.

As We See Others

BROCKTONIA, Brockton, Mass.

Again you head our list. Your athletic department is an outstanding feature of your magazine. Your department "Book Chats" also attracts our attention.

THE RECORD, North High, Worcester, Mass.

Your magazine can stand a little more pep. Why not add a few cuts? "Macbeth in Room 36" deserves much praise.

THE BOOSTER, Bryant & Stratton, Providence, R. I.

Your department "School News" is very interesting.

THE RED AND GRAY, Fitchburg, Mass.

Your alumni department is instructive. Hope you are with us next year.

THE MICROMETER, O. M. I., Ohio

Your April Fool number is a "whiz." Your cartoons are excellent.

MURDOCK MURMURS, Winchenden, Mass.

"Snapshots" is an interesting article.

GREEN AND WHITE, Manila, P. I.

Your exchange department arouses our envy. Your article "The Modern Cancer" deserves credit and praise.

BLUE AND WHITE, St. George's College, Kingston, Jamaica

"Her Birthday Present" is the gem of your literary department.

THE TRIDENT, U. S. N. A., Annapolis, Md.

Your frontispiece is very good. "American Submarines versus German U-Boats" is very interesting. You have an excellent literary department.

THE TATTLE TALE, Wareham High, Mass.

Your table of contents is missing. You have a very good paper.

THE METEOR, Berlin High, N. H.

Your editorial and literary departments are the outstanding features of your magazine.

EXCHANGE JOKES

"The next person who interrupts the proceedings will be sent home," bawled the judge.

"Hurrah!" hollered the convict.

He said, "Let there be light," and there was light. And the next day came the gas bill.

Two sweethearts were strolling by a movie house, the young man ran his eye over the billboard and saw "The Woman Pays." "Muriel," he said, "I think we will go in here."

He—"What would you do if I kissed you?"

She—"I'd call father."

He—"I guess I won't then."

She—"But father is out of town."

The moonlight danced on all the leaves,
A girl stole forth to meet me;
I trembled with a lover's fear
Of how this maid would greet me.

I put my arms around her waist,
I bowed my head and kissed her;
I gazed too fondly on her face,
And found it was my sister.

"Don't cry, little boy. You'll get your reward in the end."

"S'pose so. That's where I allus do get it."

"Have all the cows been milked?"

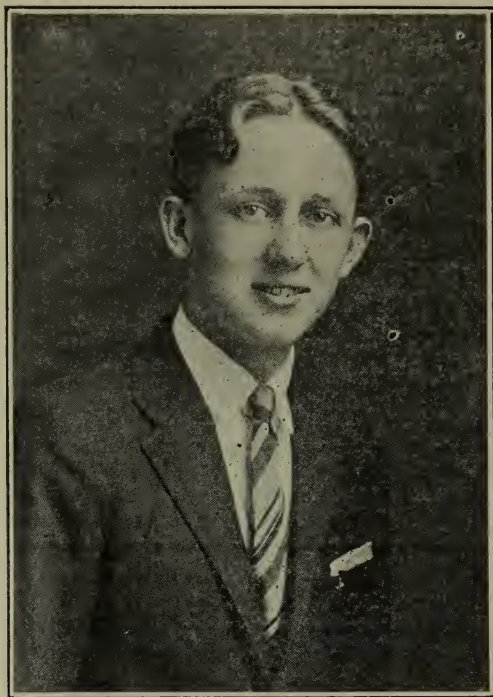
"All but the American cow."

"Which one do you call the American cow?"

"The one that's gone dry."

Student (writing home)—"How do you spell financially?"

Other Student—"F-i-n-a-n-c-i-a-l-l-y, and there are two r's in embarrassed."



—Photo by Fred W. Coane

WALTER HUNKIN, '27, Business Manager

Assistant Business Managers

Herbert Gibbs, '28

John Killion, '28

John O. Brown, '29

We, the Business Managers of the "Blue Owl", wish to thank our many advertisers for their splendid financial cooperation in aiding us to raise the standard of our school publication.

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Class Photographer for 1926

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She—"Oh, dear! And to think that I dampen them on Fido's nose!"—Veterans Service Magazine.

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Jack—"Oh! Then why is it that folks brag about them?"

—Boys Life.

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Father (with a sigh)—"That must be the lion."

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